

PHILHARMONIC NEXT FRIDAY AND SATURDAY

Italian Corporative State Described by Don Colonna

Says Mussolini Thinks Errors Are in Present International System—Too Much Competition, Not Enough Co-operation

The secrets of the new fascist Italian state were expounded to an Edmonton audience in Convocation Hall Tuesday and Wednesday and Thursday evenings by two distinguished Italian visitors, Don Mario Colonna duc di Rignano and Signorina Amy Bernardy. The addresses were given as part of a trans-Canadian tour under the auspices of the National Council of Education.

An appeal for more co-operation and less competition formed the central themes of Don Colonna's speeches on Tuesday and Thursday. In his opinion we have carried competition far too far to a point where it is no longer a blessing, but a curse. The Italian government has stifled this curse by reconciling capital with labor through their new co-operative state. These principles could be applied with beneficial results to the international field as well. Don Mario doubts the advisability and fruitfulness of educating the masses to the horrors of war. He says the fault does not lie fundamentally with the people, but with the present international system either in its application or in the system itself. Mussolini thinks the mistakes are to be found in the system itself. And the chief mistake is that the present system has too much competition and too little co-operation. For example, take the present wheat situation in Canada; if there had been more co-operation between the different wheat producing countries there would be no need for the present over-supply of wheat in the world, and the consequent low prices and depression in the Canadian West. The solution of the problem is to be found, in his opinion, in the co-operative system. A few strong men working for the good of their countries through a system evolved in a spirit and realization of the principles of mutual welfare and friendliness, could produce a warless world.

Don Colonna dealt with the new fascist state by tracing Italy's course since 1914. How did the struggle start in Italy? Perhaps the best method of explaining it would be to give his personal reactions and biography as the war progressed. He was in Libya engaged in suppressing a native uprising when the struggle broke out. Italy at the time was the ally of Germany, but she was too friendly to Great Britain to allow that to drag her into war (besides, the British fleet was supreme in the Mediterranean, and the Italians knew which side their bread was buttered on.) This last factor was so powerful that Italy would have entered the war on the side of the allies much sooner had not the strong labor party been opposed to intervention. Here first appears the man who was to play so great a role in his country's future history. Benito Mussolini, then an editor of a labor newspaper. Through his sheet he attempted to persuade the country to adopt a policy of intervention. Finally, after a little over a year he succeeded.

With the coming of the war Don Colonna, his father, two brothers and mother left for the front. His mother never returned. The war was terrible. But everyone knows of it—many from first-hand information. The allies won, but Italy emerged from the war in a far worse position than she had entered it. Demobilization, inflation and a thousand other evils of a like character resulted in economic chaos. While political unity of action or policy was scattered to the four winds by the existence of a multitude of small self-seeking parties, some twenty altogether, Mussolini now entered politics in the election of 1919. He was defeated. However, in the following year he managed to get into parliament with a small following of some forty odd members.

In the meantime the better class of the citizens had formed up into voluntary corps for the purpose of policing the country (the official police system was inefficient and entirely unable to deal with the situation). This new corps took the distinctive uniform (the black shirts) off a crack group of storm troopers during the war.

Mussolini with these and his party in Parliament soon began to make himself felt. His position was greatly enhanced the next year when the labor parties, grown tired of so much confusion, voted in a block to support him. These placed Mussolini at the head of some 2,000,000 voters. Accordingly, Mussolini demanded a re-election, claiming that parliament no longer represented the electorate, and threatening to take drastic measures if Signor Francis Mitty did not comply with his demands. Mitty refused, and Mussolini prepared to march on Rome. The premier then declared Rome in a state of siege and

prepared to resist. However, here he had overstepped his powers; he could not declare a state of siege without the consent of the king. The king realized this and, appearing on the scene, demanded the resignation of the premier and his executive, and offered the premiership to Mussolini. The anarchy and chaos that had followed the war still prevailed (there had been 5,000 killed since the close of the war; that is, in three and a half years). In order to cope with this situation and the economic distress, Mussolini asked for five years of concentrated power. The king and parliament consented.

This was in 1922. After four years of preliminary work Mussolini saw the new government rise through the labor bills and charters of 1926 and 1927.

The new system goes back for its origin to the middle ages, especially the latter part of it to the Renaissance and that flowering efflorescence of Italian art and culture. The economic system resembles to a marked degree the guild system of those days; the main difference being that Mussolini has carried the economic organization into the political field, claiming that they are so closely intertwined that for practical purposes they were inseparable.

Here in a summary fashion is Don Colonna's description of the new Italian corporative state. The labor unions have been granted many privileges, but also many responsibilities. Only one organization is permitted for each legitimate industry, and these represent the whole of the workers of that class. The employers in that particular industry are also organized into unions, and together with the labor union form the corporation. These corporations nominate the members to the House of Commons. In this manner the Italians claim to have got around the problem of the representation of large minorities since the franchise is no longer based on a territorial unit. There is also a senate prime minister and a sort of executive council. The prime minister at present is Mussolini, but he is nothing more, and is certainly not a despot. Although during the period 1922-27 Mussolini's death would have been in the nature of a national catastrophe, today with all the machinery made and in actual use, his death would not be so serious. That is to say, Mussolini has done the work that a despot should do; that is, render the continuance of his despotism unnecessary.

DEBATE



PAT KILKENNY

Graduating in law, and President of the Senior Class, has been prominent in debating here for a number of years.

SWIMMERS!

Practices for the coming meet with the University of Saskatchewan:

Men: Tuesdays, 8:15-9:15; Wednesdays, 9:00-10:15; Fridays, 8:15-9:15.

Women: Fridays, 7:30-8:30.

Extra nights will be arranged when the team is picked. Coach Crockett will be on hand. Saskatchewan has a good team. Let's take 'em!

DEBATE OVER C.R.C. TUESDAY



E. C. COLLIER

The fourth in the series of intervarsity radio debates being sponsored by the C.R.C. is to take place next Tuesday evening, when Mr. Albert Duncan, second year student in law, and Mr. Cecil Collier, also in law, at the University of Alberta, will clash with a team at Saskatoon. The debate will be heard over station CJCA at nine o'clock. "Resolved that an international restriction of the key minerals would be more effective in preserving world peace than a pacifist public opinion" is the topic for debate. Alberta has the negative.

This is the third debate in which Alberta has been entered, and though we have not as yet been successful in capturing a decision, hopes are still held out that Alberta may have a chance to meet the eastern team, which has yet to be determined.

Two shields have been offered, one for the western winner and one for the Dominion champion.

Considerable credit is due Mr. Roger Coughlin, who have given considerable time and effort to preparation for the Alberta debates.



ALBERT DUNCAN

EXPECT DISCUSSION AT PHIL. LECTURE

Prof. Strickland to Speak On Militarism and Pacifism—Controversial Subject

Controversy is expected to be the keynote of the meeting of the Philosophical Society next Wednesday evening in Convocation Hall, when Professor Strickland, professor of entomology, will deal with the important problem of "A Dual Menace to Youth: Militarism and Pacifism." This subject, a very appropriate one in these modern chaotic days, has broad implications and infinite possibilities, and Professor Strickland is well qualified to present it in all its phases.

So far this year the student body has surprised even itself by yielding up its traditional passivity under the subtle urging of the club's energetic president. The controversial nature of Professor Strickland's subject is a sure guarantee that the now notorious gallery of Convocation Hall will once again resound with the turmoil of spirited discussion. It is understood that the C.O.T.C. is sending a special contingent to guard its sacred name, while the unorganized but very articulate campus pacifists have been observed muttering among themselves.

The subject is one in which the youth of today is vitally concerned, and the meeting on Wednesday, Feb. 14, is expected to establish a new standard of student discussion in respect both to quantity and quality.

ELECTRICAL CLUB

Paper on Photo-electricity Given by Russ Fee

The Electrical Club were treated to an interesting talk by Mr. Russ Fee on Wednesday afternoon, on the subject of "Photo-electricity and its Applications."

The origin and theory of photo-electricity were discussed briefly. Several fourth year students were noted to pale slightly when Mr. Fee mentioned Phys. 55.

Several types of cells were shown. Although the output is very small, the use of relays makes it possible to regulate the operation of even high-tension circuits.

Experiments with the cells were described, and several practical applications of this comparatively new discovery explained.

Several interesting sketches were thrown on a screen, and Mr. Mills was the power behind the thrown (with apologies to Percival Hodnut). Great credit is due these two gentlemen for getting entirely through the hour without an argument, except about such small points as the focus of the lantern.

NOTICE

All members of the Clio Club please take notice that the meeting scheduled for Wednesday, Feb. 14th, has been changed to Thursday evening, Feb. 15th, at 8 p.m.

MILLING JOURNAL ACCEPTS ARTICLE

S. Milner, Law Student Last Year, Joins Ranks of Budding Journalists

Sammy Milner, well known law student, who attended the University last year, has published a rather learned discussion of the application of certain legal cases to the development of the milling industry. Mr. Milner had considerable experience in flour milling in Western Canada before commencing his study of law. He has combined his knowledge of both to the greatest advantage. The merit of his article is attested to by the fact that it was accepted by an international milling journal.

Mr. Milner graduated in Arts from Alberta, and achieved some fame in his undergraduate days as the author of many of The Gateway's stock cartoons.

He is now in Saskatchewan acting as secretary to the Shawinigan Milling Co.

RETURN OF BRITISH GUILD PLAYERS

It is with pleasure we notice the announcement that this company is coming back to Edmonton. They left us when we were awakening to their merits and abilities, and we hope their return engagement will be eminently successful. The first play will be Edgar Wallace's "On the Spot."

ALBERTA DEBATES CAMROSE, STETTLER

Tonight's big night for the provincial debating teams of the University of Alberta's Debating Society. At Stettler the Alberta team of Pat Kilkenny and Larry Davis is debating the affirmative side of the question, "Resolved that the economic salvation of Canada lies in the socialization of her finance and major industries."

At Camrose the Alberta team of Frank Morrison and Victor Chmel-nitsky is debating the same side of the same resolution. The Camrose Normal School team is composed of James Williams and Donald Gunn.

These provincial debates, which were inaugurated last year, are thus getting away to a good start. The first debate was held at Vegreville a week ago, in which the Alberta team met defeat at the hands of the local debaters. May our teams have better luck tonight.

"R.U.R."

Tomorrow, Saturday, February 10, the Edmonton Little Theatre presents Karel Capek's famous satirical play, "R.U.R." at the Empire Theatre.

Tickets, priced from 50 cents, may be obtained at the Empire box office today and tomorrow. The box office phone is 27285.

The curtain will rise at 8:30 p.m. sharp.

Philharmonic Presents "Joan of the Nancy Lee"

Operetta to be Shown in Convocation Hall Next Friday and Saturday—Gives Promise of Surpassing Operas of all Previous Years

The Philharmonic Society presents its operetta in Convocation Hall on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 16th and 17th. The opera which that society has chosen to present this year is "Joan of the Nancy Lee." A brief synopsis of the prelude and the play itself follows:

Sir Richard Camden, an English gentleman, has been exiled from his native country for political reasons, through the treachery of his cousin, Lord Egbert Mortimer. Before taking his leave Sir Richard finds that his sweetheart, Lady Joanna Leyton, has jilted him in favor of Lord Egbert, who comes into possession of the Camden lands and wealth. Sir Richard becomes a pirate and joins with him a band of young English gentlemen who, too, have been jilted by their sweethearts. The pirates man the ship Nancy Lee, and chose as their leader Sir Richard, who becomes "Captain Dick" of the pirate barge. The Nancy Lee is sailing off the coast of England when her crew attacks and captures a ship which is carrying back from France Lady Joanna and her bridesmaids, who have been in Paris to buy gowns for Lady Joanna's approaching wedding.

As the curtain rises the hearty chorus of the pirates is heard singing its songs of the sea. The pirates have sworn their allegiance to Captain Dick and taken, along with him, an oath to scorn women for evermore. The crew is loyal to Captain Dick with the exception of one, Bill Bloody, a villainous rogue, who seeks to rouse his crew to mutiny against his captain. But neither Bill Bloody nor Captain Dick realize the impending danger lurking in the hold where Lady Joanna and her bridesmaids are held captive.

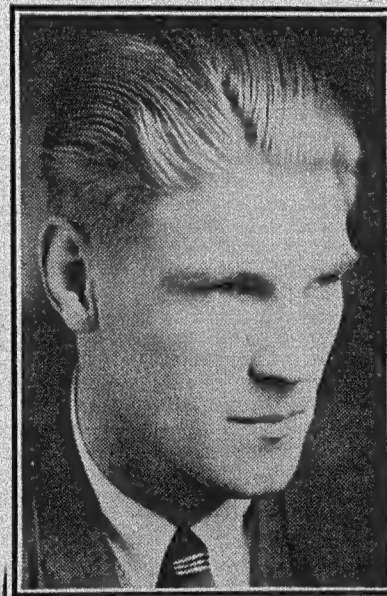
The story thus leads up to a thrilling climax, wherein the Saucy Lady Joanna leads her band of bridesmaids to victory over the vile threats of the pirates.

The cast is as follows:

Captain Dick.....George Conquest
Lady Joanna.....Anne Bowstead
Bill Bloody.....Art Davidson
Sir Peter Leyton.....Brian Stringham
Ned Brinkley.....Dwight Powell
Jerry, Sir Peter's son.....Ed Davidson
Lord Egbert.....Jack Raymond
Barnaby Hyde, boatswain.....Abe Hurtig
Stuttering Steve.....Rubin Jesperson
Francois, Parisian dancing and singing professor.....Cyril Pyrez
Clarissa, maid of honor.....Betty Mason
Dorinda, Florida, twins
Bessie Clarke, Beatrice Clarke
Miss Rhoda.....Ruth Shipley
Dona Montana, Spanish noblewoman.....Mrs. Aamodt
Dolores, her daughter.....Dorcas Rowe
Henrietta, maid to Joanna
Phyllis Montgomery
Spanish Dancer.....L. Van Buskirk

Included in the cast are full male and women's choruses. The orchestra, under the direction of Mrs. J. B. Carmichael, gives promise of surpassing the performances of all previous years. The dramatic work is in the

AT STETTLER



* LARRY DAVIS

President of Dramat, has been a leader in dramatic and debating circles in the University for some time past.

BROTHER MEMORIAN LECTURES ON RADIO

Brother Memorian is to begin a series of lectures on Canadian Folklore over the University station tomorrow evening at eight o'clock. The series will include talks on French, Nova Scotian, Cape Breton and Prince Edward Island, and the introductory one will be Folk-lore and its Relation to History.

hands of Mr. T. Dalkin. Judging from authoritative rumors around the campus, this show will be one of the duced here during the past number most successful of comic operas pro- of years, both from the standpoint of entertainment and music.

PHOTO DISPLAY OF MUCH INTEREST

Edmonton Camera Club Sponsors Display in Hudson's Bay Store

The camera as a medium for portraying scenes in a truly artistic manner is given its best demonstration in a series of pictures now on display in this city. Under the auspices of the Edmonton Camera Club the collection of prints comprising the Fourth Travelling Salon of the Associated Camera Clubs of America is on exhibit in the Jasper Avenue windows of the Hudson Bay Company, near the 103rd Street entrance to the store. This is the only place in Canada in which this set of pictures will be exhibited. It goes from here to a series of showings in California.

The set comprises 53 prints of various types, of which only 40 are on exhibit on account of lack of space available. The prints are of several types, ranging from straight "contact-prints" to "bromoids" and "bromoid transfers," and cover almost every variety of subject, the majority, however, being landscape studies, many of which are portrayed in styles strongly reminiscent of the finest works of art. The collection is in fact a remarkable object lesson for budding photographic artists in the art of reproducing commonplace subjects in a striking and attractive manner without at the same time misrepresenting the subject itself. "Platte River," by W. W. Scott, of Omaha, Nebraska, is an example of landscape treated in the manner of a fine painting, while "The Restless Sea," by Robert A. Barrows, of Philadelphia, Pa., is as beautiful a marine study as can be seen anywhere. There are several pieces striking for their subject matter and method of presentation, such as "Sand," by Lynnton Vinette of Los Angeles, Cal., a study of ripples on sand dunes, and "Arrangement in Glass," by H. P. Herron, Akron, Ohio, an arrangement of ordinary glassware treated in a singularly striking manner. There are several very fine studies in portraiture, an outstanding one being "Apache," by Dr. Max Thorek, F.R.P.S., of Chicago. Dr. Thorek has the reputation of being one of the great photographic artists of this continent.

The Edmonton Camera Club, which has brought the exhibit to this city, is a small group of amateur photographers, founded in October, 1931. All members are amateur photographers, and their chief aim is the improvement of photographic art by the process of each going out, doing work and bringing it back for comment and criticism by other members. The club has as an objective affiliation with the Associated Camera Clubs of America, an organization which is very strong in the United States. There is only one other camera club of this type in Canada, being located in Hamilton, Ontario.

The present exhibit should be of interest to every person interested in pictures, whether they be photographers or not, for the artistic standard of the display is very high indeed. Any person interested in the photographic side of the work can learn of the work and aims of the Edmonton Camera Club from its president, Bill Kensit, at Phone 25444. This exhibit will be on display until next Tuesday evening, Feb. 13.

I Saw This Week

June Allsopp (B.A.) studying in the Library while humming "I love you truly."

William Anderson (Pharmacy) actually doing something in the pharmacy lab.

Evelyn Barnett (House Ec) asking how long should she boil water for tea.

Newcombe Bentley (Ag) on his hands and knees outside the Arts Building looking at some grass.

Jack Boylan (Med) asleep during a lecture. (We bet this makes him Boylin' med.)

Edward Collier (Law) arguing with a poor little Freshette.

Harry Cooper (B.Sc. in Arts) out with a certain little girl.



THE GATEWAY

The Undergraduate Newspaper, published by The Students' Union of the University of Alberta
Gateway Office: 151 Arts. Phone 32026.

Editor-in-Chief Chas. A. Perkins
Managing Editor N. Douglas McDermid
Associate Editor Tom Costigan
Associate Editor Chris Jackson
Associate Editor Wm. Epstein
Women's Editor Magdalena Polley
Asst. Women's Editor F. M. Jones
Lois Whitby Asst. Women's Editor
News Editor John Corley
Asst. News Editor Oliver Tomkins
Sports Editor Cec Jackman
Asst. Sports Editor George F. Casper
Casserole Ted Bishop
Asst. Casserole Lawrence Wilkinson
Feature Editor E. J. H. Greene
Proof Editor Harvey Johnston
Exchange Bob Scott
Asst. Exchange T. MacNab
Librarian Mary Smith

BUSINESS STAFF

Business Manager Jack Tuck
Asst. Business Manager Bob Brown
Advertising Manager Ed. Davidson
Circulation Manager Bruce Whittaker
Asst. Circulation Manager Don Waters

ON ATTENDANCE

About this time every year one begins to worry about whether enough of the absences have been covered, and incidentally to say unpleasant things about the attendance system. After all, there is a lot to be said for letting a man go to Hell his own way; at least he is much more likely to acquire some individuality on the way.

If a Freshman comes to the University and learns that he can depend on the Faculty to regulate his scholastic life for him, he is not likely ever to learn to do it for himself. (The same can be said, and much more emphatically, about regulating his moral life.) By the time a student has registered at the University he has made up his mind, in nine cases out of ten, that he wants an education—if he hasn't then he had better wait a year or so until he does. A student who has to be bullied or coddled into going to his lectures won't get anything out of them anyway, and if he is asked to wait a year or so he may acquire sufficient desire to appreciate what he is getting, and then he will get something.

We have often asked ourselves why there is so little of the real delight in learning that are associated with a group of people who are supposedly seeking an education. Probably most of the blame can be laid to the system of mollycoddling we go through in our first year or two. We are filled with lectures, exams, tests and red tape, and finally having juggled the calendar for four years, we are turned out labelled educated, without having acquired even the fundamental of an education, an honest enthusiasm for knowledge.

We realize that the individual enterprise required for the English tutorial system is an ideal that cannot be achieved in so young a University, but we have gone to the other extreme. Our straight lecture system, with virtually compulsory attendance, is handing out raw knowledge and letting the student gulp it down in large quantities and keep it down until examinations, would never make an educated man out of him if he stayed here twenty years.

If the prime purpose of a University is to turn out as many degrees as possible, by all means adopt the Henry Ford method; but if the aim is to mold manhood and womanhood into something finer and to inculcate into it a spirit of searching and truth, then give us a little more hand tailoring.



NOTICE

Casserole is about to start to run a brand new serial portraying unflinchingly Life in the Raw, or Life in the Near East, or life somewhere, anyway—we won't know for sure until it has been written. Lest there be any mistake, we want it definitely understood that his daring expose of whatever it exposes was NOT written by us, but was CONTRIBUTED. Not only that, but it was contributed by a very testy gentleman, to whom we owe a rather large sum of money—you see how it is. However, if we can remember enough funny jokes from the "Merrymakers," it should not be necessary to publish too much of this beautifully written atrocity in any one issue. Thank you. Here it is:

The Dance

Terpsichore would blush to see
Her ultra-modern devotee
Who prostitutes the noble art
That since the flood, has done its part
Expressing to the human race,
That beauty lies in rhythmic grace.
But nowadays, just take a glance
At what is termed the modern dance.
A harsh reverberating blare
Of so-called music fills the air,
As if perdition's gates were loosed
And all the suffering souls induced
To scream their agony and yell,
Their evident distaste for Hell.
And midst the agonizing moans
Of supercilious saxophones,
The couples execute such motion
That leads one to the fruitful notion
Their skill's directly in proportion
With every weird, grotesque contortion:
And ever and anon there comes,
Triumphant o'er the traps and drums,
A voice which croons a cloying song
Admonishing the swaying throng
With sentimental platitudes,
That love in all its latitude
Is quite confined by words which rhyme,
Like moon and June, and summertime.
Yet animals take second place
To all this fine enlightened race,
Whose minds supposedly complete
Display their brains within their feet.

A kiss is always a pronoun because she stands for it.

It is masculine and feminine gender mixed, therefore common.

It is a conjunction, because it joins.

It is an interjection, at least it sounds like one.

It is plural because it calls for another.

It is usually in opposition to caress; at any rate it is sure to follow.

It is singular because there is nothing just like it.

It can sometimes be conjugated, but never declined.

It is a preposition as it governs an objective case.

Although it expresses feeling it is not an adverb because it cannot be compared.

—Dalhousie Gazette.

The Shanghai Poppy, or The Jade Tooth Brush

A mystery story in four hundred and three chapters, by Parr Kerr

Foreword: It will be the endeavor of the author to set down in the ensuing pages an undistorted account of the adventures of Percival Fir and his pretty wife Delirious Fir, during their visit to Shanghai. Doug was sent over by the Canadian Sneakret Service to apprehend the Shanghai Poppy, perfidious opium king, and Delirious went along to do some shopping. This serial will run as long as the ingenuity of the author holds out and the good nature of the public continues. As a gripping mystery yarn, it should do much to boost the circulation of any paper which sees fit to print it.

We hesitate somewhat to set down in print the conversations hereinafter to be recorded, but bear in mind that the words are not ours, but those of the characters. We disclaim all responsibility for everything but the padding in between. Finally, the characters are purely fictitious, and no one need feel that he or she is being immortalized in print. At no times does the action take place in the University's most popular eating-place—the Tuck Shop (adv.).

To begin:

Chapter I.

Our omniscient abilities permit us to take up a ringside position in the dingy little withdrawing room of the Wah Shing, better known as the Shanghai Poppy, or Pop, to his cronies. He is about to speak to his retainer the dastardly Blah Kye. He speaks.

"Ah, Blah Kye, what have you to say? Speak! Before I torture you!" "Hokay, Boss, I speakee." Blah Kye has the floor. "Plitty Canadian goil, she buy the Jade Tooth Brush and tly to sneakee back to Canada. I catchum and blingum here. She outside now."

The great Pop's facial muscles twitched slightly, and then with an effort he regained control over those peculiar elements of his alleged countenance which purported to be

features, and which now assumed their customary impassivity.

"A Canadian girl, eh? Just fancy that. Trying to steal the Jade Tooth Brush, eh? Ha-ha-a-a—" (I wish I could convey in some way or other the actual unpleasantness of this harsh chuckle which emerged from a larynx long unaccustomed to projecting manifestations of mirth unalloyed. The impression conveyed by running finger nails over a slate blackboard on a cold day gives much the same sensation to the spinal region.) "Bring her in, Blah, and we shall see what is to be done. Ha-a-a-a!"

Without more ado the willing Blah brought forth from the adjoining room none other than the charming Delirious, who, though apparently frightened, was still a woman, and broke into speech.

"Oh, horrid sir," she remarked, "I prithee let me go. You frighten me with your long nails, your piercing eyes and your skimpy mustache. Let me go, I say. My husband, Percival Fir, one of the Douglas Firs, you know, has a heart of oak, and rather than pine away when he finds me gone, he will spruce up and find me, for I'm very poplar with him. I may interest you to know, fowl sir, that Percy is a former ping-pong champion and is at the present time in the Canadian Sneakret Service. He is looking for a fiend by the name of Poppy, and is about to land same. So let me go, that his work may not be hindered, e.g., by searching for his wife, his dearly beloved Delirious."

"Well, my pretty little Delirious," rejoined the Poppy, "it may interest you to know that I am the Poppy. Hah ha-ha-a-a! Surprised? Ha-ha-a-a! I know everything, my little apple blossom. So tell me all."

Delirious looked about her despairingly. Was there nowhere to turn? Or if so, would it do any good to turn? "Alas!" she said bitterly, "I am undone!"

The fiend in a form that could hardly be called human, smiled complacently. "She's undone, Blah Kye," he said. "Do her up."

"Oh, sir," protested Delirious with a blush, "Twas but an expression we Canadians use. I did not mean it literally. I see you laugh. I believe you are making fun of me, you old meanie! Just wait until Percy gets



University of Alberta,
February 5, 1934.

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—Announcements to the effect that three distinguished Italian visitors are going to extol the virtues of Italian fascism to Edmonton audiences under the auspices of the National Council of Education causes one to wonder what may be the ultimate purpose behind this organization. This wonder becomes more pronounced as one reflects that just a little while ago Mr. Carl Ketchum, scheduled to lecture on Russia was apparently put to a severe cross-examination by this organization and requested to omit the better phases and emphasize the worst aspects of the Soviet experiment. This Mr. Ketchum nobly refused to do.

Perhaps we may more closely ascertain the views of the supporters of the National Council if we recall that about two years ago they brought over the Marquess of Zetland to put

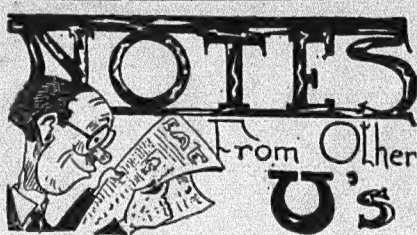
his famous half-Nelson and body-scissors on you!"

Blah's eyes narrowed (assuming that a thing which has already achieved the ultimate in narrowing can narrow further). "Poppy, old man, I think I hear footprints on the stairs, and I think it is much like that of the Mounty Pleece."

"Take the girl into the torture chamber," hissed S.P. (Shanghai Poppy). "It's Percival, I think I know of a way to pluck his fur. Hah ha-a-a!"

Poor Percival! Little does he realize what he'll be in for next week when the adventure is to be continued. Don't forget to get your copy. Who is the Poppy? Is it Percival, or Delirious or Wah Shing? Personally, we think it is likely the butler, but we shall learn more next week.

(Continued next Tuesday, we're afraid.)



We clipped this out of a McGill Daily months ago. We've studied it carefully, but now we give up; we throw in the towel; we admit that it's got us down. What do you make of it?

She Learned About Men From Me!
The Inside Story of Mae "Hips" West as told by Ramsbottom "Hurray" Horsey

Cicero, Ill.—After ten hours grilling by officials of the Municipal Cooking School, during which she was beaten with lengths of silk hose and sections of lead pencil, Miss Little West, 59th Street, broke down early yesterday evening and confessed that she was really Ramsbottom Horsey, the man with a thousand faces and six fingers on each hand. Miss Little West 59th Street is being held by Constables Prysky, Prysky, Prysky, and Schwartz, Inc., Hey-Hey Grain and Chicken-Feed Dealers, on charges laid by Corporal Exposure, General Nuisance, and Orderly Conduct. Miss Little West 59th Street is charged with corporal exposure and creating a public nuisance. According to the evidence of Constables Prysky, Prysky, Prysky, and Schwartz, Inc., Hey-Hey Grain and Chicken-Feed Dealers, a picture which has been banned from public consumption throughout the United States. The picture is said to be painted on clay or cement tablets known to the trade as "Matzi," and shows the figures of three nude buoys floating in water. Prominent critics say the picture is symbolic and represents three champagne bottles without the basketwork. The basketwork has been used for straw in making the bricks upon which the picture is painted.

The bride is by Lochinvar Street out of Isaiah 59th, dam. Lochinvar came out of The West by Miss Little. Hence the prize-winner's name. At first Miss Little West 59th Street denied the charges categorically, but finally her dismembered body was sent to her in a trunk, and she broke down. Constable Prysky got out and tried to crank her, while Constable Prysky looked at the spark plugs. Constable Prysky meanwhile reported that the batter was in good shape. Then Constable Schwartz dropped a match in the gas tank and to their surprise they found that they had simply run out of gas.

Questioned as to her doings on the night in question, Miss Street reported that a man nam-

forth the British side of the Indian question, and it is said that cold perspiration ran over the faces of the Edmonton notables sponsoring the meeting when a brilliant student from India got up after the lecture to question the speaker and present his view of the case.

If the Council wishes to be fair to modern social trends and really educate the people in the sense that it would give adequate presentation of the manner in which different countries are resolving their economic difficulties, there is nothing for it to do but to bring three distinguished visitors from Russia, a procedure which would incidentally balance the accounts between fascism and communism. But the Ketchum incident proves that this would be far from its intentions.

There has been growing in many of us the feeling that the National Council of Education is specially interested in presenting speakers of a certain political and economic pattern, and it therefore follows its function cannot be truly educative in the broadest sense of the term. If this be its true policy, its name is a misnomer; it should be called the Council of Nationalist Education.

Yours very truly,
A. STERNOTTE.

February 8th, 1934.

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—As a member of Le Cercle Français of this University, may I through the medium of your columns move a public vote of thanks for the kindness shown and efforts expended by certain students of the Franciscan College in yesterday presenting to us "A Qui le Nevue?" I believe that someone must have forgotten this. Thank you.

Yours truly,
JOHN HARVEY.

THE GINGHAM DOG

"I love to spend this hour with you," so sings Mr. Eddie Cantor every Sunday night between the hours of half-past six and half-past seven, whilst approximately one hundred million people listen with bated breath to his guttural creptations. Mr. Cantor is, we understand, the highest paid of all radio artists. It seems logical, therefore, to suppose that he represents the nearest possible approximation to the popular taste. That is to say, the average radio program is, not as we had naively believed, mere capitalistic pap for the masses, but a direct outcome of democracy. They give us, as the salesmen say, what we want. It has

ed Anthony Beinstock had approached her and bought one of the pictures. After nibbling at one corner he declared that the picture violated the Pure Food Laws, and summoned Constables Prysky, Prysky, Prysky, and Schwartz.

Questioned as to her connection with Mae "Hips" West, wanted at the Paramount Studios for contributing to senile delinquency, Miss Street, or Mr. Horsey, as she is known, reported that in October, 1929, she was sitting in an East Side speak with Miss West watching the ticker tape. Suddenly Miss West bent over and studied the tape carefully. Then she said in a low voice, speaking apparently to the tape:

"I like your type. Why don't you come up sometime?"

Upon hearing this, Mr. Horsey went into convulsions. At the time the shooting took place, Convulsion's was crowded, and Angelo Convulsion himself, popularly known as Fitz to the patrons, was asleep under the bar.

The party then retired to Mr. Horsey's penthouse when Miss Street was seen to act in a peculiar manner and seemed to have something on her mind. Finally she stuck her head around a corner where Mr. Horsey was sitting and knocked at the door. Mr. Horsey said, "Come in," Miss Street then said, "Is this the Horsey Cluk Suit and Pent House?" It was then that the shooting took place.

From Boulder, Col., comes word of a geology class that stated on their first quiz that a contour interval was a space of time; that vulcanism is a process of vulcanizing rocks and minerals together; and that a plane is a mild form of mountain with a flat surface.

One freshman approached the instructor with a greenish rock and asked, "Professor, does this rock have Ovaltine in it?"

Eavesdropping Dept.

Our bright thought for this week does not come from the university. What we've overheard there this week would not even fit into Liberty's bright Sayings of Children" column. This came from the heart of a high school student, who looked soulfully into the face of a dog on his lap, and remarked, "I'd like to bite her nose. I bet it would taste like a piece of wet Turkish Delight."—Ubsysey.

And the week's worst:

Kay Stockton—I see where an Edmonton bridge expert has become the father of twins.

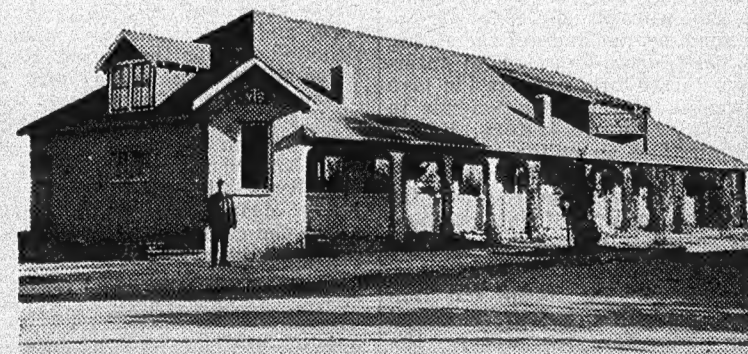
Bubbles Taylor—Yeah, his wife doubled his bid.

We're going to be out of town till next week.

50 CENT RATES --- HEATED SEDANS
VETERAN TAXI
PHONE 27535 -- 10750 JASPER AVE.

VARSAITY TUCK SHOP

The Best in Canada



The RAINBOW ROOM
IS FREE FOR STUDENT FUNCTIONS

for long been a commonplace among the more intellectual socialists that with the establishment of the Marxian state the public taste, freed from the slimy tentacles of capitalism, will soar into the empyrean, demanding in refined accents the art of Stravinsky rather than that of Gracie Allen. We hope sincerely that they are right, but observation tends to convince us that the bulk of society will always prefer Cantor, Curwood and pink lamp shades to Brahms, Lawrence and Marian Dorn rugs. Perhaps it is much better that they should. Such tastes demonstrate at least a certain ruggedness in the national constitution.

The dominant theme in the symphony called University is unquestionably Imitation. Not long ago the Dramatic Society had some try-outs. There were present nine girls, presumably representative students, and some malicious chance caused them to stand in a row. It was a breathtaking spectacle—all nine hats perched at the same angle, all nine coats flew loose with the same jaunty abandon, and all nine vivid mouths drooped voraciously open. Then, miracle of miracles, they spoke, and nine voices throbbed at the same low husky pitch. The women students are by no means

unique in their possession of such highly developed imitative faculties, for have we not a hockey team called the Golden Bears? Does not our entire student body strive valiantly to pattern itself along those lines which the schools in the Great Republic to the South of us are in the wisdom or foolishness of ignoring?

Mr. Ted Cohen is to be heartily congratulated on his delightful marionette show, which opened on Saturday evening. To our mind it is quite the most interesting thing which has been seen in Edmonton for a long time. We understand that our friend and colleagues, the Calico Cat, believes that the Dramatic Society should be abolished and replaced by an adequate assortment of puppets manipulated in the best Sherriffian manner.

—L. G. T.

A Protestant Episcopal clergyman was walking down a city street wearing the garb of his profession. He was seen by two Irish boys.

"Good morning, Father," said one of the boys.

"Huh, he ain't no Father," said the other, "he's got a wife and two kids."—Ex.



● Five keen, double edged blades to fit any gillette-type razor, for only one complete set of Poker Hands! Many other useful and attractive gifts for men and women. Ask your dealer for a copy of the latest list.

Quality and Mildness
Turret
CIGARETTES

SAVE THE POKER HANDS

Poker Hands are also packed with Turret Pipe Tobacco and Turret Cigarette Tobacco
Imperial Tobacco Company of Canada, Ltd.

RHAPSODY IN BLUE

By J. A. C.

The writer will endeavor to throw a ripe tomato or two at a piece of music which recently had a successful debut before a certain large Toronto audience. The particular selection is known as the "Rhapsody in Blue," and the Toronto audience is said to have momentarily forgotten the grand old movements of the classics and to have allowed itself to sway to the rhythm of this new "masterpiece," this herald of a new "music," this "Rhapsody" in Blue. But was this successful debut a proof on the merits of the composition—or was a "pedantic" audience caught off its guard?

They applaud Gershwin's work today, while yesterday, in a theatre in France, Beethoven turned in his box to receive a shock that nearly crushed his soul—the theatre was empty, deserted. An audience of officers and nobility had silently slinked from their seats during the first performance of one of his immortal symphonies! These two receptions offer a striking contrast: an instantaneous ovation for one because it did not call for a developed taste, but fitted a weak one; and an instantaneous rejection for the other because it did not fit an undeveloped taste, and demanded a cultured one.

Among the musical crowd there is a certain proportion of people for whom a virtuoso must include simple selections in his program or fail to satisfy the whole of his audience. If there is a strong mixture of this proportion in an audience there is no doubt that a swarm of black notes flung together in a tawdry form will get an ovation from it.

Glance at men like Kreisler, Horowitz, Rachmaninoff, Heifetz, Paderewski—these men are genuine virtuosi whose repertoires cover vast collections of many, many types of music. Now, if a layman can recognize a masterpiece it is absolutely obvious that a virtuoso can too. This "misarrangement" of Gershwin's has been widely accepted as such by people of all walks of life—but do we see it included in the repertoire of the great? Do we see it listed in the collections of those who have genuine taste? Can this belching Rasputin called a masterpiece be accepted into the culture of fine music? This seething, stinking mass of confusion, rebellious to any pair of ears with a fraction of musical intelligence between them!

I have heard men standing ankle deep in grime, men in pool halls, beer parlors, ultra-informal dance halls (sure I've been in 'em) humming passages of the Rhapsody in Blue—but the only one of such that I have ever caught humming a passage from a Beethoven sonata was a greasy stoker on a flat-bottomed river boat on the Athabasca—and that man had a soul (which means a refining apparatus that sifts out the precious material and excludes the coarse).

Before concluding, I wish to say that I fully realize that I have proved nothing in what I have written. My object, however, was not to prove, but to suggest. Also do I realize the disdainful attitude that will be taken towards this article by those who have that "Rhapsody in Blue" complex. I am only concerned, however, with those whose musical preferences run on a different level, and it is they whom I have tried to please. To those who are appalled by my humble views, I refer to the noted authority and critic on music, Mr. H. L. Mencken. Mr. Mencken has not, to my knowledge, dealt with Mr. Gershwin in his "Prejudices," but he has dealt excellently with other members of the same tribe. The ardent admirers of the wild creation of these modern will have disdainfully read what I have said, and in addition will probably accuse me of lacking in that jungle instinct these creations are supposed to awaken. My reply to them is "nerfs!"

POT POURRI

This Week: Literary High-Browsing, And The Usual Hodnut Low-Browsing—Blunden, Chesterton, Farces, James Branch Cabell, And Feminine Beauty as Viewed By Cabell and Hodnut

By Percival Hodnut

"As remote as midnight's darling stars, Pleasant as voices heard from days long done, As nigh the hand as windflowers in the woods, And inaccessible as Dido's phantom." It's just as well to point out that we are not the cloying stage of a love experience, that spring is yet some distance away, that the quoted lines were not written by us, but by Edmund Blunden, of Oxford, and concern, not a lady, but "Thames Gulls." To be sure, if we had written the poem of that title, you might suspect that "Gulls" was a pun on "Girls," since pun-studded titles appear to be a weakness of ours.

Double-Crossing on English Bridges

Sometimes Eddie's language (in "English Poems" at least) is reminiscent of Robert Bridges, sometimes it's a conventional poet's mode of expression, and at other times it's like neither. The collection of his works referred to parenthetically contains several very lovely things exemplifying the Blunden manner in one or all of these types. As one might expect from the title, England and the English countryside (they aren't the same) come in for some free advertising—not in the fashion of Chamber of Commerce pamphlets. Blunden spent a short time in Japan a few years ago; some of his poems were written there and a few concern that country. He's worth reading.

If you've never been out when it was truly dark, come with Eddie: "—now, parson, hail that light— God knows we need one in this glum black night, When even the owls and bats are hesitating."

Gee, Kay, You're Good

We intend to prolong our tour of England until we meet up with that G. K. Chesterton lad—the jolly, bay-windowed epicure. Here he is now; writing about Laughter.

"It is not surprising that an age exhibiting this monstrous spectacle, of men being sombre and pessimistic about the origin of Laughter, should also exhibit some loss of the simpler sort of laughter in its literature and art. . . . At the best, the tendency of recent culture has been to tolerate the smile but discourage the laugh." Here we interpolate the reminder that the culture of Cicero's time didn't greet the laugh with complete enthusiasm, apparently, for Cicero himself said, "Laughter is allowable, but a horse-laugh is abominable." Chesterton continues, "There are three differences involved here. First, that the smile can obtrusively turn into the sneer; second, that the smile is always individual and even secretive (especially if it is a little mad); while the laugh can be social and gregarious, and is perhaps the one genuine surviving form of the General Will; and third, that laughing lays itself open to criticism, is innocent and unguarded, has the sort of humanity which has always something of humility. The recent stage of culture and criticism might very well be summed up as the men who smile criticising the men who laugh."

Nicely and truly put, G.K.

Why Not Duet Now? Now we'll retreat a step or two from the dazle of Blunden and Chesterton, to one of those typically English examples of humor to be found in last December's issue of "The Radio Times" (English). A witty burlesque entitled "The Fifth Form at St. Pontefract's, or Little by Little," ends with the following accompaniment to the fade-out clinch:

Duet

Milly: Every maid must know before She starts upon her bottom drawer The love that's offered her is sure; Say that you'll be true!

Harold: When the years have left their trace, When I speak in fruity bass, And the down adorns my face, Still I'll love but you!

There are moments when we feel that a little silly-ass nonsense of this type should be offered at least annually by some University society or other, just to shake the formality out of Convocation Hall for a couple of hours or so each session. A step in this direction took place this year, reviving a shade of the once popular Med Nites. We'd like the practice established.

The Gay Cabell-ero? "For women now are merely more or less good-looking, and as I know, their looks when at their best have been painstakingly enhanced and edited."

American literary stylish James Branch Cabell wrote these lines in "Beyond Life," as part of the philosophy of one John Charteris (and, quite likely, of Mr. Cabell). John

seems to the naive Hodnut mind a moldy cynic, with a Remember-When fixation. Cabell describes him as searching for "that flawless beauty of which all poets have perturbedly divined the existence somewhere," and recalls that "many of my actions of life were beautiful, very long ago, when I was young in an vanished world of friendly girls, who were all more lovely than any girl is nowadays."

The Female of the Peaches

Tut, Johnny and Jimmy: if you're both serious, that makes two of you in a bad way. We dimly recollect hearing that there are Women and women—two distinct groups—and have disturbing brain twistings which lead us to suspect that this was the case ever farther back in time than the youth of Charteris, or of Cabell.

Beauty Doctors Are Usually Fee-males

Those delighting and delightful persons who were and are Women, have usually enhanced and edited, and still do enhance and edit their appearances—generally with good taste, and the restraint which is an inherent part of that taste. Cosmetics haven't always been regarded as necessary to the process, of course.

Enhancing and editing have become a mania for those who are just women. This mania has had at least two very apparent physical results: many human, kindly women who once were passable frumps have become "impossible" freaks with thoughts fixed on waves and slimsness—jewels in the rough that were spoiled in the cutting and polishing; second, many others (girls particularly, of course) have become very, very easy to look at. Of this second and amazingly large class there are some on the brink of being Women; they miss the realization, and the others do so by a wider margin, because they will not "enhance and edit" their intellects (promising or limited to start with).

Human attributes, in the liveliest cloaks fine femininity can inherit or devise, are now allied with clean-cut physical beauty and intellectual attainments, in Women. Many have lacked, and do and will lack physical beauty. Still—Women.

They Don't Mind

Some human attributes have been added to augmented physical beauty in those who are women. A one-track, Beauty-Cult brain has partially relieved complete dumbness in many of these. Most have lacked, and do and will lack mental beauty—even if "educated" in colleges. Still women (with a very small "w").

Our Old Flames

We know a number of both kinds. We know what, at least in part, is "that flawless beauty." Or maybe we don't. When we are sixty, comfortably slopping through our bowl of bread and milk by a cozy blaze, we'll cull these things over again and—perhaps—give you our latest conclusions.

The Inspector General

As Garneau High School seems to have supplied more than a few of the Varsity's best actors, it behooves us to attend their annual play and see what they are doing. Last year the Garneau High School players put on Wilde's "The Importance of Being Earnest," and it was so brilliantly done that it was with no doubts and all expectation that I went to see last Wednesday night their 1934 play, "The Inspector General," by Nikolai Gogol.

Most of us have an idea that Russian literature is filled with gloom and tragedy. "It's a Russian play," and at once we think of morbid despair. But, believe it or not, Russians can and do write comedies, and this is one of them—a satirical farce, uproarious and ironic. It gives, incidentally, a picture of the terrible corruption that was so widespread in Russia in the nineteenth century; in fact, in more ways than one I was reminded of that delightful novel that came out of Russia about a year ago, "The Little Golden Calf," by Messrs. Ilf and Petrov. At any rate, from Oscar Wilde to Russian drama is not such a big step in one year that I confess I had thought it was.

As this was an amateur production, it is gratifying to report that the players were all line-perfect. How Director R. V. Clark ever managed to achieve this, I am sure I don't know. But I don't believe there was a single break.

The play didn't open well—amateur plays are usually stiff at the opening; as a matter of fact, however, I found the whole of the first act rather disappointing and unsatisfactory. Perhaps because they were nervous; perhaps because Frank Davis as the Mayor looked so much like Groucho Marx that I couldn't take him seriously (Bobchinsky and Dobchinsky reminded me of Tweedle-dee and Tweedledum), or perhaps it was simply because Mark Kramer did not appear in the first act.

For certainly when he made his appearance early in Act II, we at once felt, "Ah, this is more like it!" And it was. Mark Kramer has an easiness on the stage that wins half the battle for an actor. And he is an excellent actor; which, if fortunate, or there would have been no play, he is that important. The play picked up from there, nor did anyone let it drop from then on till the final curtain.

Most of the cast was good, but rather spotty; very good in some spots and not so good in others. Paul Corbett was very good; Bruce Macdonald was good, and in one particular speech revealed a voice with a deeply moving quality, that suggests that he may soon outdistance his brother Alan; that this speech did not seem to me to call for that pathos is beside the point. Who was the famous actress who reduced her listeners to tears when she counted to a hundred in Polish? That's what I mean. And there were others, Douglas Lefroy, Audrey Michaels, Charles Pattinson,

CO-ED COLUMNS

THE HALF-BAKED MAN

We must not be hard-boiled. We must not be cynical. Above all, we must not publish poems about unromantic love. So we'll try legends and Indian folk-lore.

—Here is a tale of creation which certainly has none of the age-long complications of the Adam-Eve-serpent affair. We did not crib it from a collection of nursery tales, but got it first-hand from the Stony Indian reserve at Chiniki. (Now, don't be nasty!)

The Great Manitou was bored with the fish and the flora and fauna. After ten thousand moons of hearing nothing but the chirp of the birds and the howling of the coyotes, and of seeing nothing but the buffalos herd on the prairie and the crocuses spring up in the same way at the same time every year, he yawned a tremendous yawn and went down to the river to swim. As he was about to perfect the first swan dive in history, he saw his reflection in the lucid waters. He regarded his form with pride. Surely nothing on the earth was as fair as he. Suddenly the idea of shaping a plaything in his own likeness came to him. Off he ran to the great clay bed and the great stone oven, where, being quite an experimenter, he tried his hand at new kinds of bugs and animals in his spare time.

With extraordinary skill he modelled a creature in his own image out of the white clay, put it in the oven to bake and sat down to wait. It was a warm day, the Great Manitou had manufactured a tree for fig leaves, a diamond mine, and a new kind of lightning that morning. Hence he was tired and fell asleep. He woke suddenly to the smell of burning. The creature was burnt black! And that, my dears, is how the negro was created.

Fired with the ambition sown of a first failure, the Great God arose in the flush of the next dawn to repeat his experiment. Again he moulded his image in clay—again he placed it in the kiln. But over-anxiety is sometimes worse than tardiness. So careful was he not to scorch his handiwork that he drew it out before the time was come. With a cry of disgust the Manitou threw the poor, sickly, underdone thing out of his way. The white race was on the world.

Even gods benefit by experience. The third effort had perfect moulding and perfect timing. The result was perfection—a crisp golden-brown. The Great One was satisfied—the perfect man had been cooked—the Indian.

And that, dear reader, if you are white, is why you are always half-baked—to an Indian at least.

If you liked this, remember to tell it to your children when—failing which, tell it to your grandchildren.

THE UNQUIET SPIRIT

By Jean Jacques Bernard

This most "personal" (as he calls it) of Bernard's plays was written and produced in the French in 1926, but not until last year was it translated into English.

Bernard is the author of quite a number of very excellent plays, among them "Martine" and "Le Printemps des Aulx," which was played in London in Frith's translation as "The Years Between."

Let us hear his own conception of the art of play writing. "Drama is, before all else," he says, "the art of the unexpressed. It is less through the words that are spoken than through the reaction to them that the deepest feelings should be revealed. There is beneath the audible dialogue a sort of underlying dialogue that must be made clear." This is the art of which Bernard is master. He can make us sense and understand the real feelings underlying the speech of his characters—even when these feelings or emotions are not expressed in words. This method of indirect statement is subtle and its power is indisputable.

We have all heard of that old idea of "twin-souls." This is the theme of "The Unquiet Spirit." Bernard describes it: "The complete soul is at once male and female and the two halves of the soul seek each other through the world. Perfect happiness can only be born from their reunion. That's why it is so rare." There is Marceline, whose restless, groping spirit drives her from one fleeting romance to another—always seeking something—she knows not what. Sometimes she thinks her search is ended, that here at last is perfect happiness, but always disillusionment follows, swiftly, relentlessly. Finally, she marries a young engineer, Philip. She strives to make him happy, but in vain. While they are journeying to Spain some blind impulse urges her to persuade her husband to step off at the little town of St. Jean de Luy. In the hotel she suddenly feels strangely happy. Antoine has entered.

—M. C. C.

THE CALICO CAT

Ever since last summer the provocative spirit of Dorothy Parker seems to have haunted us. Everywhere we go we hear or read "as Dorothy Parker says." We turn on the radio and there is that small person herself, as vindictive as ever. A great deal of what she has said is amusing beyond words, but not quite "nice" enough to put on our respectable pages. Suffice it to say that she is author of that now coined phrase, "as sure as death and taxes." And it was Dorothy Parker who said, "A girl's best friend is her mutter," and who had her epitaph inscribed on her tombstone, rather prematurely as "Excuse my dust." These are but a few of her better known bon mots.

Her poetry does not seem to be vested with anything particularly deep or pleasing, but it always possesses some intriguing turn of phrase or startling expression—but it is her undeniably quick wit that has gained her a rather enviable reputation. We advise you to read some of her work in your next blue mood.

We are weary of sex novels, suggestive talkies and dirty jokes. Somehow we feel that the writers of today had a lack of raw carrots and porridge in their childhood diet. That always twists a person's outlook, don't you think? Of course it can't be denied that O. H. Lawrence and others of his ilk write very excellent prose, but unfortunately it is rather like a beautiful sonnet written to a mud puddle—we may admire the style, but the subject matter scarcely compels our interest. Beverly Nichols is a delightful exception to this class—everyone else in the paper seems to have eulogized him but us, so now we have done our bit.

Please note that the Gingham Dog let out the first growl. But just wait until you hear us spit!

DR. N. W. HAYNES
DENTIST

Nitrous oxide oxygen extractions
214 Empire Block, Edmonton, Alta.
Phone 25755

Manuscripts Typed

Expert Work. Quotation when manuscript submitted
NO PHONE CALLS
Bring to
305 McLeod Bldg.
Or Evenings, 9708 105th St.

E. W. Jones Reporting Co.

ART MUSIC, LTD.

FRATKIN BROS.

We carry a complete stock of
Classical and Popular Music
Victor and Blue Bird Records
Victor and Spanton Radios
Orchestration
Teachers' Supplies and Drum Supplies
Mail Orders Our Specialty
10127 101st St. Edmonton
Phone 27260

We Invite You to Enjoy Our Dining
Room Service

Phone 27108 for Reservations

- CORONA HOTEL -

THE RITE SPOT

FOR HAMBURGERS

Phone 22671.

106th St. and Jasper Ave.

Take Advantage of our Weekly Special

Tuesday only -- Feb. 13th

Any Wearing Apparel
Dry Cleaned and Pressed $\frac{1}{2}$ Price

MINIMUM \$1.00

With Collecting and Delivery Service

Leave at your Hall Office, or
Phone 21735—25185—25186

SNOWFLAKE LAUNDRY
& DRY CLEANERS, LTD.

10404 98th STREET

—F. P. MAC.

Phone 27651

Muckleston's

BEAUTY PARLOR AND
BARBER SHOP10316 Jasper Avenue
Few doors west of Hudson Bay

SPORTING GOODS

We carry everything in the line
of Sporting Goods at very
moderate prices

UNCLE BEN'S
EXCHANGE

Est. 1912. Phone 22057

PHONE 23456

McNEILL'S 50c TAXI

HEATED SEDANS

JOHNSON'S—the leading CAFE

Corner 101st St. and Jasper Ave.



SPORTS



RAYMOND UNION JACKS HERE FRIDAY AND SATURDAY

Boxing and Wrestling Club Hold Tournament on Monday

Exhibition Bout Featuring Louis Lavoie and Johnny Blochlinger to be Staged

The University Boxing and Wrestling Club presents on the night of Monday, Feb. 12th, at Athabasca Gym, the first open tournament in years. Coach Wally Beaumont's stalwarts will watch their wares with those of Sgt.-Major Barker's from the Camrose Normal School and Coach Louis Lavoie's from the overtown "Y."

The card will consist of six wrestling and six boxing bouts, and in addition an exhibition boxing bout between Louis Lavoie (middleweight champion of Canada and an Olympic representative last year), and Johnny Blochlinger, provincial welter champ. The officials for the evening are:

Referees: Miles Palmer, boxing; Dr. Dodds, wrestling.

Judges: Dean Howes, Dr. Broadus, R. L. Stevenson.

Princess Theatre

Showing: Sat., Mon. and Tues.

WILL ROGERS in

"Doctor Bull"

CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE SATURDAY

Coming: Wed., Thurs. and Fri.

JEAN HARLOW in

"Bombshell"

And

RICHARD ARLEN in

"Hell and High Water"

General Admission: 20 Cents

McDERMID

Portraits of Distinction

COUGHLIN'S

The Capitol

BEAUTY PARLORS

Edmonton's Oldest and Largest Permanent Waving Staff

SPECIAL

A few boxes Notepaper and Envelopes in fancy green and gold box.

Embossed..... \$2.50

Plain..... \$1.50

These sold originally at \$4.85 and \$2.90.

Each box contains 2 quires Organdie Paper, 60 Organdie Envelopes, 12 double Correspondence Cards, supply of Sealing Wax.

UNIVERSITY BOOK STORE

EL PATIO CABARET

Under New Management

DANCE EVERY NIGHT WITH ORCHESTRA

35c—DINE AND DANCE

An ideal home to enjoy yourself—Try us once and come back often

WE TAKE BANQUETS, CLUBS AND SPECIAL PARTIES AT POPULAR PRICES

Phone 32372—Opp. Post Office, Whyte Ave.

SPORTING SLANTS

By George Casper

When Arnold Henderson's Golden Bears take the floor tonight against the Raymond Union Jacks, a first-class exhibition of basketball should be witnessed, and it is to be hoped that the game will be supported more than the games against the Domers were. It certainly is very discouraging for players of a senior squad to gaze into an empty gallery.

We feel certain that if the Bears continue to set the pace that they set last week-end in Calgary against the Moose Domers, they will have no trouble in holding the Jacks. We hope that Smith and Malcolm will give Varsity fans the pleasure of seeing them exhibit the form they showed against the southerners.

The senior hockey team is now definitely in the playoffs since the Canadians defeated the Crescents on Tuesday night. The playoff schedule should start next week-end, and at the present time the team is practising hard for the oncoming struggles against the Superiors.

During the last few years very little interest has been shown in boxing and wrestling, and now it is with great pleasure that we announce the tournament that is to be held at the beginning of next week. We hope that the entrants will be well supported because they certainly deserve it—here's a hand to you, boys!

It is rumored widely in skiing circles that the Eskimo Ski Club, up till now known as the Edmonton Club, is to build a jump next winter, with a tower sixty feet high. It will certainly be an asset to the city, because as it is now the Varsity Ski Club jump is really the only jump in the city, and although it is a fair hill and jump, it certainly could be improved upon.

Co-eds Suffers Trouncing At Hands of Page's Grads

Go Down 114-14 in Third Game Against Grads This Season

In their third game against the Edmonton Grads last night the Varsity co-eds took their severest trouncing of the three-game series. Percy Page's ladies were decidedly "on" and stepped out to cap an even hundred on the Green and Gold's 14. With the exception of a brief but spectacular scoring rally in the first quarter, Varsity played a defensive game throughout. The Grads set a clean game record of not a single personal, while their grace and speed on the floor dazzled the spectators. Belanger's high score of 21 points was only 2 better than Neale's 19. Irene Barnett worked hard for Varsity to chalk up 6 points. Helen Ford played a splendid game on defense.

The Grads warmed up on a clever pivot pass, shooting practice. The first period found the ladies covering a lot of territory in no time at all, the ball frequently visiting both baskets. The Grads got the ball on the first tip-off and Fry set the wheel spinning by scoring from under the basket. MacBurney's inimitable side shot found its way through the hoop. Neale chalked up two successive baskets. Stone jumped up to drop the ball in the bottomless net, and once more MacBurney and Neale did their bit. Gwen Nixon slipped through the red line to start the scoring for Varsity. MacBurney connected with an effective pass and again set the net swinging. Parney's quietest were clinging doggedly to their opponents' tracks, but the Grads' speedy pivoting and feinting enabled them to keep the ball out of the reach of their persistent checks. Henderson was on the spot handing out personals to the co-eds. Neale notched a charity point and MacBurney missed hers. Helen Ford brought the crowd to their feet with a beautiful high, clean shot from the side centre, the prettiest shot of the game. The Grad flashy right forward retaliated with a side basket. Babe Belanger found her chick sleeping, and slipped in a neat one. Cogswell rivalled Ford's beauty with another long toss, and to cap the climax I. Barnett repeated the stunt. Belanger garnered a gratis heave just before the whistle blew for quarter time. The score then stood 30-8.

The Tip-Off

The Grads got the ball on the first tip-off and Fry set the wheel spinning by scoring from under the basket. MacBurney's inimitable side shot found its way through the hoop. Neale chalked up two successive baskets. Stone jumped up to drop the ball in the bottomless net, and once more MacBurney and Neale did their bit. Gwen Nixon slipped through the red line to start the scoring for Varsity. MacBurney connected with an effective pass and again set the net swinging. Parney's quietest were clinging doggedly to their opponents' tracks, but the Grads' speedy pivoting and feinting enabled them to keep the ball out of the reach of their persistent checks. Henderson was on the spot handing out personals to the co-eds. Neale notched a charity point and MacBurney missed hers. Helen Ford brought the crowd to their feet with a beautiful high, clean shot from the side centre, the prettiest shot of the game. The Grad flashy right forward retaliated with a side basket. Babe Belanger found her chick sleeping, and slipped in a neat one. Cogswell rivalled Ford's beauty with another long toss, and to cap the climax I. Barnett repeated the stunt. Belanger garnered a gratis heave just before the whistle blew for quarter time. The score then stood 30-8.

Second Quarter

Coach Page substituted with his second string line. Tall Macdonald forged through to find the iron ring. Coulson looped the loop. The co-eds began to slip up on their checks, and Macdonald got away to ring up 9 points. Neale and Stone each took their turn. Munton dribbled through from the guard line to score. First half concluded with 88-10 total.

Third Quarter

The terrific pace set by the champions' first string line in the first period was resumed. Belanger opened with a gift shot that sent Nixon to the showers. Helen Stone pivoted under the net and scored. Neale dribbled around a guard into the clear and tallied close in. The Grads' plays from centre were clicking, and the score mounted rapidly. Irene Barnett tried MacBurney's tactics, and dropped a clean shot through from the side.

Fry and Belanger alternated with a left overhand and a nice one-handed counter. MacBurney and Belanger scored 4 points out of as many free throws. The champion ladies left the hoop humming to the tune of 31 points during these ten minutes.

Last Quarter

The Grads' offensive combination continued to make itself felt. Sutton scored for the Green and Gold. Belanger and MacBurney entangled in a running pass and went down together, the latter going off with a bruised ankle. Arn Henderson was busy playing the Good Samaritan by sending aid to the batter lady and recovering glasses for Babe, and got a well-deserved hand from the gallery. Macdonald replaced MacBurney. I. Barnett skinned in for a neat one amidst the Grads' scoring tally. The final score was 114-14.

Basketball Squads to Play Two-Game Series

Golden Bears Hope to Turn in Another Couple of Wins Over the Week-end

On Friday night and Saturday night, Feb. 9 and 10, the Varsity Golden Bears are entertaining the Raymond Union Jacks in what promises to be two of the most thrilling basketball games ever to be staged on the Varsity floor. The Union Jacks have to win both games to stay in the running for the provincial title, and therefore may be counted on to put their best into both games. On the other hand, the Golden Bears will be out to prove to their supporters throughout the province that their victories in Calgary over the Moose Domers last week-end were no flash in the pan.

The Union Jacks have been the provincial finalists for the past few years. Last year they defeated a courageous band of Varsity hoopers to win the title. Most of last year's team is intact again this year, including such well known stars as Neilson, the big fellow who jumps at centre and drops back to guard; Rolison, another outstanding guard; and Dick O'Brien, Reid Kirkham and Fairbanks comprise the forward line. These boys have all had a great deal of experience, and this experience accounted for their success against Varsity at the beginning of the season.

Since their return from their successful trip to Calgary, the Varsity team has been practising faithfully under the guidance of their player-coach, Arn Henderson. Against Raymond, Henderson will probably dress ten men, these men being Henderson, Wood, Richard at guard; Smith, Anderson, Malcolm, Cherrington and Shipley at forward; and the remaining two from Muscovich, Shillington, Rostrup, Wilson and Killick. Smith, Malcolm and Anderson hit their stride for the first time this season against Calgary, and will form a dangerous combination against Raymond.

Both games will be played in the Upper Gym of Athabasca Hall. On Friday the main event will be preceded by an intermediate game, which starts at 7:30 p.m.; on Saturday the game will start at 7:30 p.m., and will be followed by a House Dance.

The prices have been reduced to 25 cents for any seat in the house. But the boys need the support of the whole student body to cheer them on to their best. Let's all come out and show the boys we are behind them.

away to a comfortable lead, only to see the hard fighting Ags cut it down to one point, then as the final whistle blew the game was tied at 24-24. Agreeing to five minutes overtime, the battle waged from one end of the floor to the other, and when the smoke cleared the score stood at 26-26.

Plunging into another five-minute overtime period, both teams realizing that a basket meant a win, checked hard and furiously, only to have the period end with the tie unbroken. This tough assignment was capably handled by Bob Anderson.

A Printing Service

for the University and University Societies.

University Printing Dept.

PHONE 22111

New Low Rates

Jack Hays Ltd.

TAXICABS

HEATED PACKARD SEDANS

DRIVURSELF CARS

10056 101st Street

SOMETHING FASCINATING

about the New

HATS

\$5.95

Monegal Straw, Moss Crepe and Straw, Fine Baku, Fabrics, Felts

An irresistible hat to meet your gayest moments or your brisk morning moods. A hat that's the incarnation of Spring—confident and young and charming. A hat for every costume, every occasion. "Hot" off the train from New York, with every new brim and crown line inimitably chic . . . every new expression of the authentic mode. Dark colors, mostly, with vivid Mexican tones in contrast . . . and the softly brilliant tones.

THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED